

# The Hopkinsville Free Press

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CHAIRS  
Are the rage now  
Buy one while they can be had at low prices.

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### THE OKLAHOMA RUSH.

Numerous Bills of Personal History in That Race for Home.

Everyone who knows the story of the Oklahoma boom, when thousands of men and women rushed into Indian Territory by permission of the government to stake out claims there; but it has been left to Richard Harding Davis to set down for the little humorous bits of personal history which are like salt to porridge. Twenty-five hundred people alighted from the first train from the south, and stamped wildly over the prairie, driving in their little stakes, chasing their claims, and driving the stakes over again in some other spot.

When the second train came in, the sight of so many "early birds" seemed to drive the newcomers almost frantic, and they fell over one another in their haste; indeed, their race for the choicest lots was like a run on a bank when no one knows exactly where the bank is. One young woman was in such haste to alight that she crawled out of the car window, and as soon as she reached the ground, drove in her stake, and claimed all the land round it. This was part of the military reservation, and the soldiers so explicit to her, but she was suspicious of everyone, and remained seated by her wooden peg until nightfall.

Another woman stuck up a sign bearing the words "A Soldier's Widow's Land," and was quite confident that the crowd would respect that title. She was assured that she had no right to the spot, and was offered a lot still unclaimed; but she refused to move. The lot she was offered is now on a main street in the center of the town, and the one she was finally forced to take, after her long delay, is on the prairie, three miles out of the city.

Still another woman drove in her stake between the railroad ties, and said it would take a locomotive and a train of cars to move her; and a man put his stake in the very center of the lot sites laid out by the surveyors, and claimed the surrounding hundred and sixty acres for his holding.

He was told that he could only have as much land as would make a lot in the town site, and that if he wanted a hundred and sixty acres, he must locate it outside the city limits. He replied that the proclamation said nothing about town sites.

"But of course," he went on, "if you people want to build a city round my farm, I've no objection. I don't care for city life here, and I'm going to turn this into a vegetable garden. Maybe, though, if you want it very bad, I might sell it."

For a moment he fought out the question with the government, and a youth's companion.

**HE NEEDED A DOLLAR.**  
For Palmetto Dixie, Not A Dollar, and His Seat on the Truck Did Not Fit Him.

With growling brakes and a last rattling bang the long train came to a halt in the darkness of Colorado Junction. The door of the smoking car opened slowly, and a weary Willy of a tramp slid in.

"Gentlemen, I beg your pardon," he said, pulling from his head a hat of little white was left but the brim. The men at the poker table looked up. The tramp's coat was a disappointed frock of the shabby genteel cut. The short skirts had fringe on them, and the cloth was of the color known as "guess again." His beard was the only thing that he wore which didn't bear the misfit stamp.

"Gentlemen," he said again, slowly and with dignity, "once more I serve your pardon, but I am in need of a dollar."

"Well, what the—"

"No, gentlemen, I am not begging," interrupted the tramp. "I am a palmetto in reduced circumstances. Would any gentleman permit me to read his palm? I have been riding on the truck thus far. I am afraid that the brakeman has discovered me, and I must make the next station. Did anyone offer me a dollar?"

Several flasks were handed to him, but no money. The train began to move, and the tramp slid out to settle himself on a truck once more.

Ten miles out of Colorado Junction, and in a desert, the train was brought to a sudden halt. There was a scuffle under the smoking car, and the tramp was dragged out.

"Guess a female walk to-night'll make you less careless about stealing rides on the trucks," said the conductor as he swung on the train and signalled "Go ahead." We looked out of the smoker car windows and glimpsed the tramp. Just as the train began to move his voice arose, saying: "Gentlemen, pardon, but can anyone tell me where I can find a real good hotel around here?"

"Nerviest dead best on the line," said the brakeman as he slammed the door. —N. Y. Sun.

**RUSSIAN SPIES.**  
How They are Recruited from the Ranks of Women Left Alone.

Females play an important if not predominant part in the army of the Russian spies, all of them belonging to the so-called educated classes.

The way in which they are recruited is very simple and ingenious; the method was described to me once by one of the pillars of the secret section, and was confirmed later on by a lady spy with whom I had a conversation on the subject.

An official dies (99 out of 100 Russians are officials) before he has served long enough to entitle him to a pension. His young wife petitions the ministry for an allowance; and she receives a sum varying from 100 to 200 rubles.

After the lapse of some months she petitions again, and is told to call at the police office, where about one-fifth of the former sum is given to her, and she is encouraged to hope that in two months' time something may be done for her again.

### FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The scientific commission appointed to select a site for a new capital for Brazil consists of five civil engineers, two astronomers, a naturalist and an expert in hygiene. The commission has started for the central plateau of the republic, where it hopes to find an ideal site for the future "greatest city of South America."

—The oldest horticultural association in Europe is the Royal Society of Agriculture and Botany of Ghent, established in the year 1508. Its annual exhibitions are always of great interest, and every five years it holds international exhibitions, the thirteenth of which is announced to open on the 16th of April next and to close on the 23d of the same month.

—The basis of Dickens' "Jarndyce versus Jarndyce," the famous Jennings case, in which claim is laid to one-half the ground of Birmingham, has been reopened. The property was valued at nearly forty millions of dollars thirty years ago, and is now valued at 100 million. The new claimant is wealthy, has a car load of documentary evidence, including hundreds of certificates of birth, marriages and deaths and has also the opinion of one of the most eminent English lawyers that his case is good.

—Ever on the lookout for fresh markets, the New Zealanders have been at tempting to get up a "frozen cargo" export trade with the old country. The venture has proved disastrous. The average price obtained was ten cents per pound, and out of all this charge had to be defrayed. On the other hand, Scotch and English venison was selling at twelve cents. Russian frozen deer fetches seven cents per pound on the London market, and the New Zealanders will have to abandon any attempt at business in this direction.

—Mexico is a land of mysteries, of statements, of scientists of enormous wealth, and of wealth unnumbered, or millions of acres untilled. In many places throughout the republic it is the same today as it was upwards of three centuries ago. In its twenty-eight states and two territories there are nearly 12,000,000 people, of which number nearly three-eighths are Indians. Most of the others are a mixture of Spanish and Indian blood, while there are, of course, some purely Spanish people, and some English and American.

—There is a wonderful grapevine at Gathage, a town in southern France. Although the plant is only ten years from the cutting, it has yielded as many as 127 bunches of fine fruit in a single year. There is but one other vine in cultivation that is known to yield this prolific crop, and that is the historical vine at Hampton Court, England, which was planted in 1763. In this vine the fruit has borne 2,200 bunches. The fruit from this vine is kept for the exclusive use of Queen Victoria and her household, the surplus being made into wine for the same purpose.

—The latest solution proposed for the London fog and smoke nuisances is the use of gas for all cooking, heating and laundry purposes. The author of the scheme, one Mr. L. H. Compson, estimates that it would cost only \$120,000,000 to buy up the gas companies, and the cost of the new plant to enable the whole of the 2,600,000 tons of coal burnt in London to be consumed as gas would be \$25,000,000 more. Gas as a result would be cheaper, smoke would disappear, and the fog would be reduced to a minimum, and London life would be lived in sunlight by day and the lovely glow of electricity by night.

—When a member of the Prussian royal family is married the "outfit" is paid by the state. When Princess Victoria was married to Prince Adolphus of Schaumburg-Lippe articles to the value of 15,000 marks were ordered in London, and there was a frightful row at Berlin when the time arrived to pay the bill. Now the emperor has issued an order that every article in Princess Margaret's trousseau is to be purchased in Germany, and that the state will pay for nothing which is bought outside the country. The emperor's mother has for thirty-five years drawn an annual income of \$40,000 from England.

### ONCE A POWERFUL NATION.

The Important Past of the Now Pitiful and Timorous Mashonaland.

Theodore Bent has made some surprising discoveries with regard to the inhabitants of Mashonaland, in south Africa. Eight years ago Montagu Kerr described these natives as a very timid people living among the rocks and crannies of the hills, where they kept a constant outlook for the approach of the dreaded Matabeles. Their enemies for many years had kept them in a state of terror. Mr. Bent says that in spite of their timid nature he believes when he saw them last year that they race had been better days, as they retained traces of a higher civilization in their skill in working iron, their carvings and musical instruments.

They called themselves the Makalanga, a name which did not signify much to the explorer until he returned to civilization, when he began to read the works of early Portuguese travelers. In the book written three hundred years ago by Dos Santos, who was a far more careful and accurate writer on Africa than most of his contemporaries, Mr. Bent was astonished to find this statement referring to the region of Mashonaland:

"All these Kafirs they call Mocoranga, because all talk the Mocoranga language. The Mocoranga and all his vassals are Mocoranga, a name which they have because they live in the land of the Mocoranga, which is the best and most polished of all the Kafir languages I have seen."

Here we have the same name as Makalanga by substituting, as the Portuguese always did, r for l. Other conclusive testimony with regard to the identity of the two peoples has been discovered by Mr. Bent, and it may be regarded as established that the timid Makalanga of today are the descendants of the once powerful organization known in the sixteenth century as the empire of Monomatapa, a powerful Kafir organization like the Matabeles of today, which fell to pieces on account of internal dissensions, and finally became a prey to the Zulu hordes. The descriptions of the Makalanga as corresponding exactly with the habits and customs of the present inhabitants. He tells of the annual sacrifices to the spirits of their ancestors, but intercessors for them between God and man, the beer drinking, the iron smelting, the Masai land plans, the weekly day of rest during the plowing

### Highest of all in Leaving Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

**Royal Baking Powder**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE

season, and other customs which identify them with the people of today. Mr. Bent has also been able to avail himself of the writings of Arabian historians who lived one thousand years ago, whose descriptions of the manners and customs of the people living in this region connect them with the present race. Hence it seems clear that the country now called Mashonaland has been inhabited for at least one thousand years by the ancestors of the present barbarous race, and that at one time had power and some degree of civilization, developed probably to its intercourse with foreign traders, but it has again fallen into a condition of barbarism.

During the plowing season every sixth day is called God's day, when the people abstain from work. The day is invariably devoted by the men to drinking beer and lying idle on the rocks. The Maschoni piano consists of more than twenty iron notes fixed to scale on a square piece of wood and played on a calabash to bring out the sound. The natives are a musical race, and easily pick up tunes to play on this instrument.

The anthropologist evidently has an inviting field for research in the study of the Makalanga, whose language is as yet little known. The natives are very reserved with regard to their customs and religious observances.—Chicago Times.

### JIGGERING FOR FROST FISH.

A Very Profitable Trade, Whose Curiosity Gets It Into Trouble to the Water.

The Connecticut river fishermen catch a bundle of sprigs in the woods or pull up a huckleberry bush in their pastures, and then, with a sharp knife, with no other bait, goes fishing. What silly fish it is, pray? What absurd denial of the more or less deep, dark, and cold water, which is the delicate little frost fish, of course, who knows almost absolutely nothing, and is so brittle that he almost breaks himself in two with a snap in turning a very sharp corner.

A frost fish is good, though, to eat. He is just about as big and shapely as a baby pond trout, but has no more style than a fish. He is also as fat as a pig, and is as cold as an icicle. With the severe frosts of midwinter, when the ice is strong enough on the rivers for skating, and feathery crystals float in the air at night, the frost fish comes along and captures them as easily as he lifts eggs out of one basket into another. He cuts a neat hole in the ice at the shore, and on banks and knolls, bending over the river's brink, thrusts in his huckleberry bush and agitates it in the liveliest style.

Like most beasts that are not overcharged with intellectual freight, the frost fish is loaded to the very gunwales with trivial curiosity. As soon as the fisherman has made a hole in the ice with the huckleberry bush, the frost fish comes along and captures them as easily as he lifts eggs out of one basket into another. He cuts a neat hole in the ice at the shore, and on banks and knolls, bending over the river's brink, thrusts in his huckleberry bush and agitates it in the liveliest style.

Other than being a lover of jewels, his highest is a lover of good horseflesh and of yachts. His stud comprises two hundred horses, among which are Arabians, sturdy little belted ponies, thoroughbred Australians and Indian galloways. Twice a year he offers a cup at the Singapore jockey races, and a half dozen of his best runners. At his tent on the grounds he dispenses champagne, ices and cakes, and his native band of thirty pieces plays alternately with the regimental band and the English barracks.

His three hundred steam launch was built on the Clyde. Besides the sultan's saloon on the lower deck, which is furnished with a king, there are cabins for ten people. The promenade deck is under an awning, and is furnished with a heavy rosewood dining table and long chairs. She carries four gunboats, and a range of guns.

He has two smaller armed yachts of one hundred tons and twenty-five tons each that are of light draught, built expressly for shore and river use. At present a Liverpool firm has an order for a five hundred-ton yacht and gunboat combined, which his highness designs shall be one of the finest afloat.

The revenue of Johore amounts to six million dollars a year, to which the sultan's private property in Singapore adds nearly a half-million more. The bulk of the national revenue is raised from opium, spirits, gaming and gambling. The most serious tax is simple, but most effective. Any Chinaman who has a longing for the pipe pays into his highness' treasury one dollar a month, and is granted a permit to buy and smoke opium another monthly dollar, and he is licensed to imbibe.

The gambling privilege is given to the highest bidder, and he has the monopoly for the time being. There is also a small import tax on gamblers and gamblers. On the other hand, any immigrant who wishes to settle and open a farm of any kind is given all the ground he can want, rent free, to have and to hold as long as he keeps it under cultivation. Should he leave it, it reverts, with all improvements, to the crown.

The government is autocratic, but temperate and kept in sympathy with the English ideas of justice as seen in the great colonies that surround it.—Harper's Weekly.

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